

THE DEEPER DETAIL

By Eunice Marian Waller

Ten years in the service of Artingstall & Cholmondely, architects, five of the same spent in a little room containing only a drafting table and a high stool—that had become the familiar environment of John Bruce.

"Not that it's so bad—only monotonous," Bruce was wont to explain to his few friends. "There's one blessed environment; the court beyond my window, full of free air, and the birds have built a nest just across under the eaves, and my box of pansies on the window sill do some wonderful blooming, so, you see, I have a touch of the wildwood right at home."

The wildwood—the real wildwood—John Bruce had only dreamed of that, for there had been no vacation for a full decade. He had not grumbled much however. His position was quite lucrative. It had enabled him to provide for two sisters until they were happily married, to put aside later quite a respectable surplus.

At 28 Bruce was the uniform, pleasant, lovable fellow he had been at 18, never realizing that to an exacting servitude he had sacrificed the best years of his life, having little of the lighter enjoyments of youth and nothing at all of love.

It was a red-letter day in the life of John Bruce when the senior partner, Artingstall, sent for him.

"We have a commission for you, Mr. Bruce," he said. "It will take you away for a month."

"Away—from the office—from the city—for a month!" repeated Bruce, as astonished as would be a school-boy tendered a lifetime vacation.

"Yes, we are solicited to take up plans for the restoration and decoration of Warrenton. You will recall that we did some work for the Warren estate some years since."

Bruce remembered. General Warren, a wealthy man with half a doz-

en country seats, took the whim to occupy the family manse semi-occasionally. Bruce had sketched some garden pagoda work on verbal order some seven years previously. He recalled the time with a pleasant sensation. The general, world-weary and blasé, had come to the office with his daughter, Heloise, a tall, dark beauty, stately in her manner, but gracious in her bearing. While



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her father was indifferent as to architectural details, Miss Warren had a love of art and for nearly two hours Bruce and she had passed a very harmonious time, selecting the lines of style and detail to be followed out in the construction of the pagodas.

"Queer thing here, Mr. Bruce," said Artingstall. "Miss Warren has written 'attention of Mr. Bruce, please,' so she seems to want you and no one else."